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TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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THE SUBJECT OF BREAKFAST CONTINUED.—TEA-DRINKING.

A breakfast-table in the morning, clean and white with its table-cloth, coloured with the cups and saucers, and glittering with the tea-pot,—is it not a cheerful object, reader? And are you not always glad to see it?

We know not any inanimate sight more pleasant, unless it be a very fine painting, or a whole abode snugly pitched; and even then, one of the best things to fancy in it, is the morning meal.

The yellow or mellow-coloured butter, (which softens the effect of the other hues), the milk, the bread, the sugar,—all have a simple, temperate look, very relishing however to a hungry man. Perhaps the morning is sunny; at any rate, the day is a new one, and the hour its freshest; we have been invigorated by sleep; the sound of the shaken canister prepares us for the fragrant beverage that is coming; in a few minutes it is poured out; we quaff the odorous refreshment, perhaps chatting with dear kindred, or loving and laughing with the "morning faces" of children,—or if alone, reading one of the volumes mentioned in our last, and taking tea, book, and bread-and-butter all at once,—no "inelegant" pleasure, as Sir Walter Scott saith of the eating of tarts.*

Dear reader, male or female (very dear, if the latter), do you know how to make good tea? Because if you do not (and we have known many otherwise accomplished persons fail in that desideratum) here is a recipe for you, furnished by a mistress of the art:—

In the first place, the tea-pot is found by experience to be best, when it is made of metal. But whether metal or ware, take care that it be thoroughly clean, and the water thoroughly boiling. There should not be a leaf of the stale tea left from the last meal. The tests of boiling are various with different people; but there can be no uncertainty, if the steam come out of the lid of the kettle; and it is best therefore to be sure of that evidence. No good tea can be depended upon from an urn, because an urn cannot be kept boiling; and water should never be put upon the tea but in a thoroughly and *immediately* boiling state. If it has done boiling, it should be made to boil again. Boiling, proportion, and attention, are the three magic words of tea-making. The water should also be soft, hard water being sure to spoil the best tea; and it is advisable to prepare the tea-pot against a chill, by letting a small quantity of hot water stand in it before you begin; emptying it out, of course, when you do so. These premises being taken care of, excellent tea may be made for one person by putting into the pot three teaspoons full, and as much water as will cover the quantity. Let this stand five minutes, and then add as much more as will twice fill the cup you are going to use. Leave this additional water another five minutes, and then, *first* putting the sugar and milk into the cup, pour out the tea; making sure to put in another cup of boiling water *directly*.

Of tea made for a party, a spoonful for each and one over must be used, taking care *never to drain the tea-pot*, and always to add the requisite quantity of boiling water as just mentioned.

The most exquisite tea is not perhaps the wholesomest. The more green there is in it, certainly the less wholesome it is; though green adds to the palatableness. And drinking tea very hot is a pernicious custom.

* In his *Life of Dryden*. Original edition, p. 86. "Even from some time after his connection with the theatre, we learn, from a contemporary, that his dress was plain at least, if not mean, and his pleasures moderate, though not inelegant. 'I remember,' says a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1748, 'plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich-drugget. I have seen tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry-gardens, when our author advanced to a sword and a Chadreux wig.'"

Green tea and hot tea make up the two causes which produce perhaps all the injurious results attributed to tea-drinking. Their united effects, in particular, are sometimes formidable to the "nerves," and to persons liable to be kept awake at night. Excellent tea may be made, by judicious management, of black tea alone; and this is unquestionably the most wholesome.

Now have a cup of tea thus well made, and you will find it a very different thing from the insipid dilution which some call tea, watery at the edges, and transparent half way down; or the syrup into which some convert their tea, who are no tea-drinkers, but should take treacle for their breakfast; or the mere strength of tea, without any due qualification from other materials,—a thing no better than melted tea-leaves, or than those which it is said were actually served up at dinner, like greens, when tea was first got hold of by people in remote country parts, who had not heard of the way of using it,—a dish of acrid bitterness. In tea, properly so called, you should slightly taste the sugar, be sensible of a balmy softness in the milk, and enjoy at once a solidity, a delicacy, a relish, and a fragrance in the tea. Thus compounded, it is at once refreshment and an elegance, and we believe, the most innocent of cordials; for we think we can say from experience, that when tea does harm, it is either from the unmitigated strength just mentioned, or from its being taken too hot,—a common and most pernicious custom. The inside of a man, dear people, is not a kitchen copper.

But good tea, many of you may say, is dear. Tea of all sorts is a great deal too dear; but we have known very costly tea turn out poor in the drinking, and comparatively poor tea become precious. Out of very bad tea it is perhaps impossible to make a good cup; but skill and patience are famous for converting ordinary materials into something valuable. And it should be added, that it is better to have one cup of good tea, than half-a-dozen of bad. Nevertheless we are not for despising the worst of all, if the drinker finds any kind of refreshment in it, and can procure no better. The very *names* of tea and *tea-time* are worth something.

And this brings us to an association of ideas, which, however common with us at the breakfast-table, and doubtless with hundreds of other people, we never experience without finding them amusing. We allude to China and the Chinese. The very word *tea*, so petty, so infantine, so winking-eyed, so expressive somehow or other of something inexpressibly minute, and satisfied with a little (*tee!*), resembles the idea one has (perhaps a very mistaken one) of that extraordinary people, of whom Europeans know little or nothing, except that they sell us this preparation, bow back again our ambassadors, have a language consisting only of a few hundred words, gave us *China-ware* and the strange pictures on our tea-cups, made a certain progress in civilization long before we did, mysteriously stopped at it and would go no further, and if numbers, and the customs of "venerable ancestors" are to carry the day, are at once the most populous and the most respectable nation on the face of the earth. As a population, they certainly are a most enormous and wonderful body; but as individuals, their ceremonies, their trifling edicts, their jealousy of foreigners, and their tea-cup representations of themselves (which are the only ones popularly known) impress us irresistibly with a fancy, that they are a people all toddling, little-eyed, little-footed, little-bearded, little-minded, quaint, over-weening, pigtailed, bald-headed, "cone-capped" or pagoda-hatted, having childish houses and temples with bells at every corner and story, and shuffling about in blue landscapes, over "nine-inch bridges," with little mysteries of bell-hung whips in their hands,—a boat, or a house, or a tree made of a pattern, being over their heads or un-

derneath them (as the case may happen), and a bird, as large as the boat, always having a circular white space to fly in. Such are the Chinese of the tea-cups and the grocer's windows, and partly of their own novels too, in which every thing seems as little as their eyes,—little odes, little wine-parties, and a series of little satisfactions. However, it must be owned, that from these novels one gradually acquires a notion that there is a great deal more good sense and even good poetry among them, than one had fancied from the accounts of embassies and the autobiographical paintings on the *China-ware*; and this is the most probable supposition. An ancient and great nation, as civilized as they, is not likely to be so much behind-hand with us in the art of living, as our self-complacency leads us to imagine. If their contempt of us amounts to the barbarous, perhaps there is a greater share of barbarism than we suspect, in our scorn of them.

At all events, it becomes us to be grateful for their tea. What a curious thing it was, that all of a sudden, the remotest nation of the East, otherwise unknown and foreign to all our habits, should convey to us a domestic custom, which changed the face of our morning refreshments; and that instead of ale and meat, or wine, all the polite part of England should be drinking a Chinese infusion, and setting up earthen-ware in their houses, painted with preposterous scenery. We shall not speak contemptuously, for our parts, of any such changes in the history of a nation's habits, any more than of the changes of the wind, which now comes from the west, and now from the east, doubtless for some good purpose. It may be noted, that the introduction of tea-drinking followed the diffusion of books among us, and the growth of more sedentary modes of life. The breakfasters upon cold beef and "cool tankards," were an active, horse-riding generation. Tea-drinking times are more domestic, given to reading, and are riders in carriages, or manufacturers at the loom or the steam-engine. It may be taken as an axiom,—the more sedentary, the more tea-drinking. The conjunction is not the best in the world; but it is natural, till something better be found. Tea-drinking is better than dram-drinking, a practice which, if our memory does not deceive us, was creeping in among the politest and even the fairest circles, during the transition from ales to teas. When the late Mr. Hazlitt, by an effort worthy of him, suddenly left off the stiff glasses of brandy and water, by which he had been tempted to prop up his disappointments, or rather to loosen his tongue at the pleasant hour of supper, he took to tea-drinking, and it must be owned, was latterly tempted to make himself as much amends as he could for his loss of excitement, in the quantity he allowed himself; but it left his mind free to exercise its powers,—it "kept," as Waller beautifully says of it,

"The palace of the soul serene;"

not, to be sure, the "quantity, but the tea itself, compared with the other drink. The prince of tea-drinkers was Dr. Johnson, one of the most sedentary of men, and the most unhealthy. It is to be feared his quantity suited him still worse; though the cups, of which we hear such multitudinous stories about him, were very small in his time. It was he that wrote, or rather *effused*, the humorous request for tea, in ridicule of the style of the old ballads (things, be it said without irreverence, which he did not understand so well as "his cups.") The verses were extempore, and addressed to Mrs. Thrale:—

And now, I pray thee, Hetty dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

But hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,—
Thou canst not make the tea so fast,
As I can gulp it down.

Now this is among the pleasures of reading and reflecting men over their breakfast, or on any other occasion. The sight of what is a tiresome nothing to others, shall suggest to them a hundred agreeable recollections and speculations. There is a tea-cup, for example. "Well, what is a tea-cup?" a simpleton might cry;—"it holds my tea—that's all." Yes, that's all to you and your poverty-stricken brain; we hope you are rich and prosperous, to make up for it as well as you can. But to the right tea-drinker, the cup, we see, contains not only recollections of eminent brethren of the bohea, but the whole Chinese nation with all its history, Lord Macartney included; nay, for that matter, Ariosto and his beautiful story of Angelica and Medoro; for Angelica was a Chinese; and then collaterally come in, the Chinese neighbours and conquerors from Tartary, with Chaucer's

—Story of Cambuscan bold,

and the travels of Marco Polo and others, and the Jesuit missionaries, and the Japanese with our friend Golownin, and the Loo Choo people, and Confucius, whom Voltaire (to shew his learning) delights to call by his proper native appellation of Kong-foo-tsee (reminding us of Congo tea), and then we have the Chinese Tales, and Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, and Goldsmith brings you back to Johnson again and the tea-drinkings of old times, and then we have the Rape of the Lock before us with Belinda at breakfast, and Lady Wortley Montague's tea-table eclogue, and the domestic pictures in the Tatler and Spectator, with the passions existing in those times for china-ware, and Horace Walpole who was an old woman in that respect, and, in short, a thousand other memories, grave and gay, poetical and prosaical, all ready to wait upon any body who chooses to read books, like spirits at the command of the book-readers of old, who for the advantages they had over the rest of the world, got the title of Magicians.

Yea, pleasant and rich is thy sight, little tea-cup (large though, at breakfast) round, smooth, and coloured;—composed of delicate earth,—like the earth, producing flowers, and birds, and men; and containing within thee thy Lilliputian ocean, which we, after sending our fancy sailing over it, past islands of foam called "sixpences," and mysterious bubbles from below, will, giant-like, engulf,—

But hold—there's a fly in.

Now why could not this inconsiderate monster of the air be content with the whole space of the heavens round about him, but he must needs plunge into this scalding pool? Did he scent the sugar? or was it a fascination of terror from the heat? "Hadst thou my three kingdoms to range in," said James the First to a fly, "and yet must needs get into my eye?" It was a good-natured speech, and natural. It shews that the monarch did his best to get the fly out again; at least we hope so; and therefore we follow the royal example in extricating the little winged wretch, who has struggled hard with his unavailing pinions, and become drenched and lax with the soaking.

He is on the dry clean cloth. Is he dead? No:—the tea was not so hot as we supposed it:—see, he gives a heave of himself forward; then endeavours to drag a leg up, then another, then stops, and sinks down, saturated and overborne with wateriness; and assuredly, from the inmost soul of him, he sighs (if flies sigh,—which we think they must do sometimes, after attempting in vain, for half an hour, to get through a pane of glass). However, his sigh is as much mixed into joy, as fright and astonishment and a horrible hot bath can let it be; and the heat has not been too much for him; a similar case would have been worse for one of us, with our fleshy bodies;—for see; after dragging himself along the dry cloth, he is fairly on his legs; he smoothes himself, like a cat, first one side then the other, only with his legs instead of his tongue; then rubs the legs together, partly to disengage them of their burthen, and partly as if he congratulated himself on his escape; and now, finally, opening his wings (beautiful privilege! for all wings, except the bat's, seem beautiful, and a privilege, and fit for envy) he is off again into the air, as if nothing had happened.

He may forget it, being an inconsiderate and giddy fly; but it is to us, be it remembered by our conscience, that he owes all which he is hereafter to enjoy. His suctions of sugar, his flights, his dances on the window, his children, yea, the whole House of Fly, as far as it depends on him their ancestor, will be owing to us. We have been his providence, his guardian angel, the invisible being that rescued him without his knowing it. What shall we add, reader? Wilt though laugh, or look placid and content,—humble, and yet in some sort proud withal, and not consider it as an unbecoming meeting of ideas in these our most mixed and reflective papers,—if we argue from rescued flies to rescued human beings, and take occasion to hope, that in the midst of the struggling endeavours of such of us as have to wrestle with fault or misfortune, invisible pity may look down with a helping eye upon ourselves, and that what it is humane to do in the man, it is divine to do in that which made humanity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TEA, COFFEE, AND CHOCOLATE.

[Extracted, by way of Appendix to our first article, from Mr. D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.]

It is said, that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire; and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder, which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to receive a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest to blow away the whole colony.

In our recollection, strange imaginations impeded the first period of vaccination; when some families terrified by the warning of a physician, conceived their race would end in a species of

Semibovineque virum, semivirumque bovem.
(Half-cow men, and half-men cows.)

We smile at the simplicity of the men of nature, for their mistaken notions at their first introduction among them of exotic novelties; and yet even in civilized Europe, how long a time those whose profession, or whose reputation, regulate public opinion, are influenced by vulgar prejudices, often disguised under the imposing form of science! and when their ludicrous absurdities and obstinate prejudices enter into the matters of history, it is then we discover that they were only imposing on themselves and others.

It is hardly credible that on the first introduction of the Chinese leaf, which now affords our daily refreshment; or the American leaf, whose sedative fumes made it so long a universal favourite; or the Arabian berry whose aroma exhilarates its European votaries; that the use of these harmless novelties should have spread consternation among the nations of Europe, and have been anathematized by the terrors and the fictions of some of the learned. Yet this seems to have happened. Patin, who wrote so furiously against the introduction of antimony, spread the same alarm at the use of tea, which he calls "l'impertinente nouveauté du Siècle." In Germany, Hanneman considered tea-dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and Dr. Duncan, in his treatise on hot liquors, suspected that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.

Many virulent pamphlets were published against the use of this shrub, from various motives. In 1670, a Dutch writer says it was ridiculed in Holland under the name of hay-water. 'The progress of this famous plant,' says an ingenious writer, 'has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and restless efforts of time and its own virtues.'

The history of the tea-shrub, by Dr. Lettsom, usually referred to on this subject, I consider little more than plagiarism on Dr. Short's learned and curious dissertation on Tea, 1730, 4to. Lettsom has superadded the solemn trifling of his moral and medical advice.

These now common beverages are all of recent origin in Europe; neither the ancients, nor those of the middle ages, tasted of this luxury. The first accounts we find of the use of this shrub, are the casual notices of travellers, who seemed to have tasted it, and sometimes not to have liked it: a Russian Ambassador in 1639, who resided at the court of the Mogul, declined accepting a large present of tea for the Czar, "as it would only encumber him with a commodity for which he had no use." The appearance of "a black water," and an acrid taste seems not to have recommended it to the German Olearius in 1633. Dr. Short has recorded an anecdote of a stratagem of the Dutch in their second voyage to China, by which they at first obtained their tea without disbursing money; they carried from home great store of dried sage; and bartered it with the Chinese for tea, and received three or four pounds of tea for one of sage; but at

length the Dutch could not export sufficient quantity of sage to supply their demand. This fact, however, proves how deeply the imagination is concerned with our palate; for the Chinese, affected by the exotic novelty, considered our sage to be more precious than their tea.

The first introduction of tea into Europe is not ascertained: according to the common accounts it came into England from Holland in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory brought over a small quantity; the custom of drinking tea then became fashionable, and a pound weight sold for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's tea-pot in the possession of a collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.

Amidst the rival contests of the Dutch and the English East India Companies, the honour of introducing its use into Europe may be claimed by both. Dr. Short conjectures that tea might have been known in England as far back as the reign of James the First, for the first fleet set out in 1600: but had the use of this shrub been known, the novelty had been chronicled among our dramatic writers, whose works are the annals of our prevalent tastes and humours. It is rather extraordinary that our East India Company should not have discovered the use of this shrub in their early adventures; yet it certainly was not known in England so late as in 1641, for in a scarce "Treatise of Warm Beer," where the title indicates the author's design to recommend hot instead of cold drinks, he refers to tea only by quoting the Jesuit Masse's account; "that they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of an herb called Chia, hot." The word Chia is the Portuguese term for tea retained to this day, which they borrowed from the Japanese; while our intercourse with the Chinese made us no doubt adopt their term Theh, now prevalent throughout Europe, with the exception of the Portuguese. The Chinese origin is still preserved in the term Bohea, for which comes from the country of Vochi; and that of Hyson was the name of the most considerable Chinese then concerned in the trade.

The best account of the early use and the prices of tea in England, appears in the hand bill of one who may be called our first tea-maker. This curious hand-bill bears no date, but as Hanway ascertained that the price was sixty shillings, in 1600, his bill must have been dispersed about that period.

Thomas Garway, in Exchange-alley, tobacconist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have:—

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regale in high treatments and entertainments and presents thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf or drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c. have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound."

Probably tea was not in general use domestically so late as in 1687; for in the Diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, he registers that "Piere Couplet supped with me, and after supper we had tea, which he said was really as good as any he had drunk in China." Had his Lordship been in the general habit of drinking tea, he had not probably made it a subject for his diary.

While the honour of introducing tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of coffee remains between the English and the French. Yet an Italian intended to have occupied the place of honour; that admirable traveller Pietro della Valle, writing from Constantinople, 1615, to a Roman, his fellow-countryman, informing him that he should teach Europe in what manner the Turks took what he calls "Cahui," or as the word is written in an Arab and English pamphlet, printed at Oxford, 1659, on the "Nature of the Drink Kauhi, or Coffee." As this celebrated traveller lived to 1653, it may excite surprise that the first cup of coffee was not drunk at Rome; this remains for the discovery of some member of the "Arcadian Society." Our own Purchas, at the time that Valle wrote, was also "a pilgrim," and well knew what was "Coffe," which, "they drank as hot as they can endure it; it is as black as soot, and tastes not much unlike it; good they say for digestion and mirth."

It appears by Le Grand's "Vie privée des François," that the celebrated Thevenot, in 1658, gave coffee after dinner; but it was considered as the whim of a traveller; neither the thing itself, nor its appearance was inviting; it was probably attributed by the gay to the humour of a vain philosophical traveller. But ten years afterwards a Turkish ambassador at Paris made the beverage highly fashionable. The elegance of the equipage recommended it to the eye, and charmed the women: the brilliant porcelain cups in which it was poured; the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presenting it to the ladies, seated on the ground on cushions, turned the heads of the

rian dames. This elegant introduction made the exotic beverage a subject of conversation, and in 1672, an Armenian at Paris, at the fair-time, opened a coffee-house. But the custom still prevailed to sell beer and wine, and to smoke and mix with indifferent company in their first imperfect coffee-houses. A Florentine, one Procope, celebrated in his day as the arbiter of taste in this department, instructed by the error of the Armenian, invented a superior establishment, and introduced ices; he embellished his apartment; and those who had avoided the offensive coffee-houses, repaired to Procope's; where literary men, artists, and wits resorted, to inhale the fresh and fragrant steam. Le Grand says, that this establishment holds a distinguished place in the literary history of the times. It was at the coffee-house of Du Laurent that Saurien, La Motte, Danchet, Boindin, Rousseau, &c. met; but the mild streams of the aromatic berry could not mollify the acerbity of so many rivals, and the witty malignity of Rousseau gave birth to those famous couplets on all the coffee-drinkers, which occasioned his misfortune, and his banishment.

Such is the history of the first use of coffee and its houses at Paris. We had the use, however, before even the time of Thevenot; for an English Turkish merchant brought a Greek servant in 1652, who, knowing how to roast and make it, opened a house to sell it publicly. I have also discovered his hand bill, in which he sets forth, "The virtue of the coffee-drink, first publicly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee in this kingdom, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption, both for medicinal and domestic purposes. The use of coffee, indeed, seems to have excited more notice, and to have had a greater influence on the manners of the people, than that of tea. It seems at first to have been more universally used, and is still on the continent: and its use is connected with resort for the idle and the curious: the history of coffee-houses, ere the invention of clubs, was that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people. Even in its native country, the government discovered that extraordinary fact, and the use of the Arabian berry was more than once forbidden where it grows; for Ellis, in his "History of Coffee," 1774, refers to the Arabian MS. in the King of France's library, which shews that coffee-houses in Asia were sometimes suppressed. The same fate happened on its introduction into England.

Among a number of poetical satires against the use of coffee, I find a curious exhibition, according to the exaggerated notions of that day, in "A cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its colours," 1663. The writer, like others of his contemporaries, wonders at the odd taste which could make coffee a substitute for Canary.

"For men and Christian to turn Turks and think
To excuse the crime, because 'tis in their drink!
Pure English apes! ye may, for aught I know,
Would it but mode—learn to eat spiders too.*
Should any of your grandsire's ghosts appear
In your wax-candle circles and but hear
The name of coffee so much called upon;
Then see it drunk like scalding Phlegethon;
Would they not startle, think ye, all agreed
Twas conjuration both in word and deed;
Or Catilin's conspirators, as they stood
Sealing their oaths in draughts of blackest blood,
The merriest ghost of all your sires would say,
Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday.
He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
Or tavern bars into a farrier's shop,
Where he'd suppose, both by the smoke and stench,
Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench.
"Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now
Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
Beaumont and Fletcher's in your round appear,
They would not find the air perfum'd with one
Catalian drop, nor dew of Helicon;
When they but men would speak as the Gods do,
They drank pure nectar as the Gods drink too,
Sublimed with rich canary,—say shall then
These less than coffee's self, these coffee men;
These sons of nothing that can hardly make
Their broth, for laughing how the jest does take,
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Darth with diurnals and the books of news."

Other complaints arose from the mixture of the company in the first coffee-houses. In "a broadside against coffee, or the marriage of the Turk," 1672, the writer indicates the growth of the fashion:

Confusion huddles all into one scene,
Like Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean;
For now, alas! the drench has credit got,
And he's no gentleman who drinks it not.
That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature!
But custom is but a remove from nature.

In "the women's petition against coffee," 1674, they complained that "it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought;

* This witty poet was not without a degree of prescience; the luxury of eating spiders has never indeed become "modish," but Mons. Lalande, the French astronomer, and one or two humble imitators of the modern philosopher, have shewn this triumph over vulgar prejudices, and were epicures of this stamp.

that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pygmies; and on a domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee." It was now sold in convenient penny-worths; for in another poem in praise of a coffee-house, for the variety of information obtained there, it is called "a penny university."

Amidst these contests of popular prejudices, between the lovers of forsaken canary, and the terrors of our females at the barrenness of an Arabian desert, which lasted for twenty years, at length the custom was universally established; nor were there wanting some reflecting minds desirous of introducing the use of this liquid among the labouring classes of society, to wean them from strong liquors. Howel, in noticing that curious philosophical traveller, Sir Henry Blount's "Organon Salutis," 1659, observed that this "coffe drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations; formerly apprentices, clerks, &c., used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman, Sir James Muddiford, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation." Here it appears, what is most probable, that the use of this berry was introduced by other Turkish merchants, besides Edwards and his servant Pasqua. But the custom of drinking coffee, among the labouring classes, does not appear to have lasted; and when it was recently even the cheapest beverage, the popular prejudices prevailed against it, and ran in favour of tea. The contrary practice prevails on the continent, where beggars are viewed making their coffee in the street. I remember seeing the large body of shipwrights at Helvoetsluys, summoned by a bell to take their regular refreshment of coffee; and the fleets of Holland were not then built by arms less robust than the fleets of Britain.*

The frequenting of coffee-houses is a custom which has declined within our recollection, since institutions of higher character, and society itself, has so much improved within late years. These were, however, the common assemblies of all classes of society. The mercantile man, the man of letters, and the man of fashion, had their appropriate coffee-houses. The Tatler dates from either to convey a character of his subject. In the reign of Charles II. 1675, a proclamation for some time shut them all up, having become the rendezvous of the politicians of that day. Roger North has given, in his examination, a full account of this bold stroke: it was not done without some apparent respect to the British constitution, the court affecting not to act against law, for the judges were summoned to a consultation, when, it seems, the five who met did not agree in opinion. But a decision was contrived that "the retailing of coffee and tea might be an innocent trade; but as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalize great men, it might also be a common nuisance." A general discontent in consequence, as North acknowledges, took place, and emboldened the merchants and retailers of coffee and tea to petition, and permission was soon granted to open the houses to a certain period, under a severe admonition that the masters should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels, from being read in them, and hinder every person from spreading scandalous reports against the government. It must be confessed, all this must have frequently puzzled the coffee-house master to decide what was scandalous, what book was fit to be licensed to be read, and what political intelligence might be allowed to be communicated. The object of the government was, probably to intimidate, rather than to persecute, at that moment.

Chocolate the Spaniards brought from Mexico, where it was denominated Chocolatti; it was a coarse mixture of ground cocoa and Indian corn with racou; but the Spaniards liking its nourishment, improved it into a richer compound, with sugar, vanilla, and other aromatics. The immoderate use of chocolate, in the 17th century, was considered as so violent an inflamer of the passions that Joan. Fran. Rauch, published a treatise against it, and enforced the necessity of forbidding the monks to drink it; and adds, that if such an interdiction had existed, that scandal with which that holy order had been branded might have proved more groundless. This *Disputatio medico dietetica de aere et esculentis, neenon de potu*, Vienna, 1624, is a rara avis among the collectors. This attack on the monks as well as on Chocolate, is said to be the cause of its scarcity; for we are told that they were so diligent in suppressing this treatise, that it is supposed not a dozen copies exist. We had chocolate-houses in London long after coffee-houses; they seemed to have associated something more elegant and refined in their new term than when the other had become common.—Roger North thus inveighs against them: "The use of coffee-houses seems much improved by a new invention, called chocolate houses, for the benefit of rooks and cullies of quality, where gaming is added to all the rest, and the summons of W— seldom fails; as if the devil had erected a new university, and those were the colleges of its professors, as well as its schools of discipline." Roger North, a high tory, and attorney-general to James the Second, observed, however, that these rendezvous were often not entirely composed of those "factious gentry he so much dreaded;" for he says, "This way of passing time might have been

* Coffee has since become very popular in England. *Editor of the London Journal.*

stopped at before people had possessed themselves of some convenience from them of meeting for short despatches, and passing evenings with small expenses." And old Aubrey, the small Boswell of his day, attributes his general acquaintance to the "modern advantage of coffee-houses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted, but with their relations and societies;" a curious statement, which proves the moral connexion with society of all sedentary recreations, which induce the herding spirit.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 9th to Tuesday the 15th of July.

FIELD-PATHS.

The days are now (or ought to be) at their finest,—a little too hot sometimes, but there is seldom too much heat in an English summer, especially for healthy people or any genuine lovers of nature. It is true, we are all apt, occasionally, to complain of heat,—to say that it is "too hot"—"dreadfully hot," &c. &c. and make use of other unthinking and ungrateful phrases; which only means, if we would reflect a little, that we do not meet the hot weather as we ought, nor seek its proper alleviations, in reasonable exercise that strengthens us, and in the enjoyment of the freshest times of day out of doors, and natural shady places. When it is cold, we long for the sun; and when the sun comes, we long for the cold; forgetting that we may turn both to excellent account by preparing for them like proper masculine men, and womanly (that is to say, gentle and joy-making) women. Come then, let us take one of the most delightful of all walks,—that in a field, through the old field path,—with our eloquent friend Mr. Howitt. There is one of his stiles before us, in the next meadow yonder, on which we will sit awhile; and then we will vary our walk by the wood-side, along one of those rich receptacles of wild-flowers, bushes, and magnificent dock-leaves, contemptuously called ditches; where perhaps we shall have the pleasure of hearing a running-brook.

Field paths (says Mr. Howitt) are at this season particularly attractive. I love our real old English footpaths. I love those rustic and picturesques stiles opening their pleasant escapes from frequented places and dusty highways into the solitudes of nature. It is delightful to catch a glimpse of one on the old village green; under the old elder tree by some ancient cottage, or half-hidden by the overhanging boughs of a wood. I love to see the smooth, dry track, winding away in easy curves, along some green slope to the church-yard—to the forest-grange, or to the embowered cottage. It is to me an object of certain inspiration. It seems to invite me from noise and publicity into the heart of solitude, and of rural delight. It beckons the imagination on through green and whispering corn-fields, through the short but verdant pasture, the flowering mowing grass, the odorous and sunny hayfield; the festivity of harvest; from lonely farm to farm, from village to village, by clear and mossy wells; by tinkling-brooks and deep wood skirted streams, to crofts where the daffodil is rejoicing in spring, or meadows where the blue geranium embellishes the summer way-side; to heaths with their warm elastic sward and crimson bells—the chittering of grass-hoppers,—the fox-glove, and the old gnarled oak; in short, to all the solitary haunts after which the city-pent lover of nature pants, "as the heart panteth after the water-brooks." What is there so truly English? What is so truly linked with our rural tastes, our sweetest memories and our sweetest poetry, as stiles and footpaths? Goldsmith, Thomson, and Milton have adorned them with some of their richest wreaths. They have consecrated them to poetry and love. It is along the footpath in secluded fields, upon the stile in the embowered lane, where the wild rose and the honeysuckle are lavishing their beauty and their fragrance, that we delight to picture to ourselves rural lovers, breathing in the dewy sweetness of summer evenings, vows still sweeter. There it is that the poet seated sends back his soul into the freshness of his youth, amongst attachments since withered by neglect,—rendered painful by absence or broken by death; amongst dreams and aspirations which, even now that they pronounce their own fallacy, are lovely. It is there that he gazes upon the gorgeous sunset—the evening star following with its silvery lamp the fading day, or the moon showering her pale lustre through the balmy night air—with a fancy that kindles and soars into the heavens before him; there that we have all felt the charm of woods and green fields, and solitary boughs waving in the golden sunshine, or darkening in the melancholy beauty of evening shadows. Who has not thought how beautiful was the sight of a village congregation, pouring out from their old grey church on a summer day, and streaming off through the quiet meadows, in all directions, to their homes? Or who that has visited Alpine scenery, has not beheld with a poetic feeling, the mountaineers come winding down out of their romantic seclusions on a sabbath morning, pacing the solitary heath-tracks, bounding with elastic step down the fern-clad dells, or along the course of a riotous stream, as

cheerful, as picturesque, and yet as solemn as the scenes around them?

Again I say, I love field paths and stiles of all sorts, ay, even the most accessible piece of rustic erection ever set up in defiance of age, laziness, and obesity. How many scenes of frolic and merry confusion have I seen at a clumsy stile! What exclamations! and blushes, and fine eventual vaulting on the part of the ladies! and what an opportunity does it afford to beaux of exhibiting a variety of gallant and delicate attentions! I consider a rude stile as anything but an impediment in the course of a rural courtship.

Those good old turnstiles too—can I ever forget them? the hours I have spun round upon them when a boy! or those in which I have almost laughed myself to death at the remembrance of my village pedagogue's disaster! Methinks I see him now!—the time a sultry day,—the *domine* a goodly person of some eighteen or twenty stone,—the scene a footpath sentinel with turnstiles, one of which held him fast as in amazement at his bulk. Never shall I forget his efforts and agonies to extricate himself; nor his lion-like roars, which brought some labourers to his assistance, who, when they had recovered from their convulsions of laughter, knocked off the top of the turn-stile, and let him go. It is long since I saw a stile of this construction, and I suspect the Falstaffs have cried them down. But without a jest, stiles and footpaths are vanishing every where. There is nothing upon which the advance of wealth and population has made so serious an inroad. As land has increased in value, wastes and heaths have been parcelled out and enclosed, but seldom have footpaths been left. The poet and the naturalist who before had, perhaps, the greatest real property in them, have had no allotment. They have been totally driven out of the promised land. Goldsmith complained in his day, that

The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.

And it is but too true that the pressure of contiguous pride has driven further, from that day to this, the public from the rich man's lands. "They make a solitude and call it peace." Even the quiet and picturesque footpath that led across his fields, or stole along his woodside, giving to the poor man with his burden, a cooler and nearer cut to the village, is become a nuisance. One would have thought that the rustic labourer, with his scythe on his shoulder, or his bill-hook and hedging-mittens in his hand, the cottage dame in her black bonnet and scarlet cloak, the neat village maiden in the sweetness of health and simplicity, or the boy strolling along full of life and curiosity, might have had sufficient interest in themselves, for a cultivated taste not merely to tolerate but to welcome—passing occasionally at a distance across the park or wood, as objects agreeably enlivening the stately solitude of the hall. But they have not; and what is more, those are commonly the most jealous of pedestrian trespassers, who seldom visit their own estates, but permit the seasons to scatter their charms around their villas and rural possessions without the heart to enjoy, or even the presence to behold them. How often have I myself been arrested in some long frequented dale, in some spot endeared by its own beauties and the fascinations of memory, by a board exhibiting in giant characters, "STOPPED BY AN ORDER OF SESSIONS," and denouncing the terrors of the law upon trespassers! This is a little too much. I would not be querulous for the poor against the rich. I would not teach them to look with an envious and covetous eye upon their villas, lawns, cattle, and equipage; but when the path of immemorial usage is closed, when the little streak, almost as fine as a mathematical line, along the wealthy man's ample field is grudgingly erased, it is impossible not to feel indignation at the pitiful monopoly. Is there no village champion to be found bold enough to put in his protest against these encroachments,—to assert the public right?—for a right it is as authentic as that by which the land is held, and as clearly acknowledged by the laws. Is there no local "Hampden with dauntless breast" to "withstand the petty tyrants of the field," and to save our good old foot-paths? If not, we shall in a few years be doomed to the highways and the hedges, to look, like Dives, from a sultry region of turnpikes, into a pleasant one of verdure and foliage which we may not approach. Already the stranger, if he lose his way, is in jeopardy of falling into the horrid fangs of a steel-trap; the botanist enters a wood to gather a flower, and is shot with a spring-gun; death haunts our dells and copses, and the poet complains, in regretful notes, that he

Wanders away to the field and the glen,
Far as he may for the gentlemen.

I am not so much of a poet, and so little of a political economist, as to lament over the progress of population. It is true, that I see with a poetical regret, green fields and fresh beautiful tracts swallowed up in cities; but my joy in the increase of human life and happiness, far outbalances that imaginative pain. But it is when I see unnecessary and arbitrary encroachments upon the rural privileges of the public, that I

grieve. Exactly in the same proportion as our population and commercial habits gain upon us, do we need all possible opportunities to keep alive in us the spirit of nature.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little there is in nature that is ours.

We give ourselves up to the artificial habits and objects of ambition, till we endanger the higher and better feelings and capacities of our being; and it is alone to the united influence of religion, literature, and nature, that we must look for the preservation of our moral nobility. Whenever, therefore, I behold one of our old field-paths closed, I regard it as another link in the chain which Mammon is winding round us,—another avenue cut off, by which we might fly to the lofty sanctuary of nature, for power to withstand him.

BIRTH-DAYS.

July 9th (21st O. S.) in London according to some, at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, according to others, Matthew Prior, son of a joiner,—one of the liveliest and airiest of the wit-poets of England, an excellent court panegyrist, but more acquainted with gallantry than love, and far inferior in sentiment and natural freshness to the leader of this race of authors, Sir John Suckling. He wrote, however, one truly loving verse, if no other. It is in his "Solomon." The monarch is speaking of a female slave, who had a real affection for him:—

And when I call'd another, Abra came.

July 10 (22d O. S.) At Exeter House, in London, (on the site of the present Exeter Street) Lord Shaftesbury, the philosopher. He was an honest man and politician, an elegant but fastidious writer, and could discern and forcibly expose the vulgar errors of a creed, though a little more philosophy was wanting to enable him to get at the heart of its mystery. In one of his letters is an extraordinary passage, not much calculated to delight the lady whom he married. He said he found marriage "not so much worse" than celibacy as he had expected!

Same day (1707) at Maestricht, in the Netherlands, son of a protestant clergyman of French origin, Peter Lyonnet the naturalist, eminent for resolving to obtain a reputation, and for obtaining it, by means of a work on some one single object of minute enquiry; for which purpose he selected a species of caterpillar. A German writer, Frederick Matthison, has left a notice of him in his Letters, translated by Miss Plumptre, which may not be uninteresting to the reader. The closing anecdote, however, about the rope-dancing is not so "great" a thing, as the writer seems to take it for. It was a waste of energy, upon a matter not worthy of emulation.

"My host (says Matthison, speaking of the celebrated Bonnet, with whom he was on a visit) continues to read his works to me every morning, and we have now entered upon his "Contemplation de la Nature." I read aloud, and when any passage occurs which he thinks wants explanation, he gives it with the clearness and precision which he so peculiarly possesses. We dwelt for a long time yesterday on the *Phalena cossus*, and on the work which Lyonnet has written on that animal, with which I now for the first time became acquainted. The history of the origin and progress of this work is very extraordinary. Lyonnet, who unites to the most ardent passion for natural history, uncommon perseverance, excessive thirst for fame, and profound observation, determined to strike into a path which should be perfectly new, and to produce a work single of its kind. He first thought of writing on the *Aphis*, then on the *Polypus*, but through an extraordinary caprice of chance, he found that in the former Bonnet would be his rival, in the latter Trembley. The question then, was to find another subject wherein so many difficulties should be combined, as effectually to preclude him from any danger of competition, and this point he gained by engaging in the dissection of the *Phalena cossus*. But on applying to different persons to undertake the designs for the plates, his expectations seemed so out of all bounds, that it was impossible to answer them, and every one shrank back affrighted from the task. He therefore immediately applied himself to learn drawing, in which art he made, in a short time, such a rapid progress, that he was able to execute designs incredibly difficult with a delicacy and exactness astonishing to every one, both connoisseurs and practitioners. But now he was precisely in the same predicament with the engravers, as before with the draughtsmen; no one had sufficient confidence in his own abilities as to hope that he could satisfy him, and he was compelled, therefore, to learn this art also, in which he soon arrived at such perfection, that the engravings to his works are of a very distinguished excellence. Lyonnet's portrait is much more deserving of the inscription, "Man can do whatever he is resolved

on," than the figure of that long forgotten *Kraftmann* in Lavater's *Physiognomy*.

"The following trait of Lyonnet, as it is quite appropriate, may serve further to illustrate the character of a great man. A rope-dancer of the Hague, whose exquisite dexterity was the astonishment of the public, excited Lyonnet's emulation to such a degree that he exclaimed, "This man has no more muscle than myself, nor is formed after any other manner; I must therefore be able to do whatever he can!" Immediately he had a rope stretched in his court-yard, and applied himself with such unweary assiduity to rope-dancing that he at last left his astonished master very far behind."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XXII.—HISTORY OF THE LATE MR. COMBE.

THOUGH a moment's reflection tells us that "Romances of Real Life," must be daily occurring round about us, yet we are hardly the less surprised to find them true, especially in those ranks of life where we are accustomed to expect the reasonableness and regularity that seem the natural consequences of an educated understanding. We are even, perhaps, for the latter reason, more astonished at eccentric departures from conventional life, and changes from gentility to vagabondism, than at the more tragical results of bad and violent passions, the wilfulness of which defies speculation, or throws us into general reflections on the mysteries of one's common nature; whereas there seems no reason, at first sight, why a man, bred up in the comfort and convenience of refined intercourse, should think it worth his while to depart from it, and play the part of a madman on so poor and unaccommadating a scale. A reason however there is. It is to be found (if it be not actual madness) in an over lively state of the blood, acting upon a strong egotism and a vivid though weak imagination,—one that has a quick sense of the novelty and sufficiency of the moment, at the expense of all the future moments of life. Persons of this temperament and turn of mind, unless they stop short while young, never end in anything superior to cleverness; and it manifests an unusual portion of natural goodness in them, if they ever shew themselves capable of the industry and regular conduct of Mr. Combe, even in old age.

The present curious account of this gentleman, which could not have been better written, is given by Mr. Campbell in one of the notes to his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*. The narrative runs well to the last; and the surprise, at the close of it, is truly dramatic.

Mr. Combe's history (says Mr. Campbell) is not less remarkable for the recklessness of his early days, than for the industry of his maturer age, and the late period of life at which he attracted popularity by his talents. He was the nephew of a Mr. Alexander, an Alderman of the city of London; and as he was sent, first to Eton College, and afterwards to Oxford, it may be inferred, that his parents were in good circumstances. His uncle left him sixteen thousand pounds. On the acquisition of this fortune, he entered himself of the Temple, and in due time was called to the bar. On one occasion he even distinguished himself before the Lord Chancellor Northington. But his ambition was to shine as a man of fashion, and he paid little attention to the law. Whilst at the Temple, his courtly dress, his handsome liveries, and it may be added, his tall stature and fine appearance, procured him the appellation of Duke Combe. Some of the most exclusive ladies of fashion had instituted a society which was called the Coterie, to which gentlemen were admitted as visitors. Among this favoured number was the Duke Combe. One evening Lady Archer, who was a beautiful woman, but too fond of gaudy colours, and who had her face always lavishly rouged, was sitting in the Coterie, when Lord Lyttleton, the graceless son of an estimable peer, entered the room evidently intoxicated, and stood before Lady Archer for several minutes with his eyes fixed on her. The lady manifested great indignation, and asked why he thus annoyed her. "I have been thinking," said Lord Lyttleton, "what I can compare you to, in your gaudy colouring, and you give me no idea, but that of a drunken peacock." The lady returned a sharp answer, on which he threw the contents of a glass of wine in her face. All was confusion in a moment; but though several noblemen and gentlemen were present, none of them took up the cause of the insulted female till Mr. Combe came forward, and, by his resolute behaviour, obliged the offender to withdraw. His spirited conduct on this occasion, gained him much credit among the circles of fashion; but his grace's diminishing

* "Kraftmann," from having been a term much in use in Germany as an epithet of distinction, is now become a mere cast phrase, and chiefly applied to an author who affects any peculiarity of expression, particularly the use of very high sounding words; or who makes a great boast of his superior attainments, and having, as he thinks, thrown off all prejudices.—*The Translator.*

finances ere long put an end to the fashionableness of his acquaintance. He paid all the penalties of a spendthrift, and was steeped in poverty to the very lips. At one time he was driven for a morsel of bread to enlist as a private in the British army; and, at another time, in a similar exigency he went into the French service. From a more cogent motive than piety, he afterwards entered into a French monastery, and lived there till the term of his novitiate expired. He returned to Britain, and took service wherever he could get it; but in all these dips into low life, he was never in the least embarrassed when he met with any of his old acquaintance. A wealthy divine who had known him in the best London society, recognized him when a waiter at Swansea, actually tripping about with the napkin under his arm, and staring at him, exclaimed, "You cannot be Combe?" "Yes, indeed, but I am," was the waiter's answer. He married the mistress of a noble lord, who promised him an annuity with her, but cheated him; and in revenge he wrote a spirited satire, entitled "The Diaboliad." Among its subjects were an Irish peer and his eldest son, who had a quarrel that extinguished any little natural affection that might have ever subsisted between them. The father challenged the son to fight; the son refused to go out with him, not, as he expressly stated, because the challenger was his own father, but because he was not a gentleman.

After his first wife's death, Mr. Combe made a more creditable marriage with a sister of Mr. Cosway, the artist, and much of the distress which his imprudence entailed upon him was mitigated by the assiduity of this amiable woman. For many years he subsisted by writing for the booksellers, with a reputation that might be known to many individuals, but that certainly was not public. He wrote a work which was generally ascribed to the good Lord Lyttleton, entitled "Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," and "Letters from an Italian Nun to an English Nobleman," that professed to be translated from Rousseau. He published also several political tracts, that were trashy, time-serving and scurrilous. Pecuniary difficulties brought him to a permanent residence in the King's Bench, where he continued for about twenty years, and for the latter part of them a voluntary inmate. One of his friends offered to effect a compromise with his creditors, but he refused the favour. "If I compounded with my creditors," said Mr. Combe, "I should be obliged to sacrifice the little substance which I possess, and on which I subsist in prison. These chambers, the best in the Bench, are mine at the rent of a few shillings a week, in right of my seniority as a prisoner. My habits are become so sedentary, that if I lived in the airiest Square of London, I should not walk round it once in a month. I am contented in my cheap quarters."

When he was near the age of seventy, he had some literary dealings with Mr. Ackermann, the bookseller. The late caricaturist, Rowlandson, had offered to Mr. Ackermann a number of drawings representing an old clergyman and school-master, who felt, or fancied himself, in love with the fine arts, quixotically travelling during his holidays in search of the picturesque. As the drawings needed the explanation of letter-press, Mr. Ackermann declined to purchase them unless he should find some one who could give them a poetical illustration. He carried one or two of them to Mr. Combe, who undertook the subject. The bookseller, knowing his procrastinating temper, left him but one drawing at a time, which he illustrated in verse, without knowing the subject of the drawing that was next to come. The popularity of the "Adventures of Dr. Syntax," induced Mr. Ackermann afterwards to employ him in two successful publications, "The Dance of Life," and "The Dance of Death," in England, which were also accompanied by Rowlandson's designs.

It was almost half a century before the appearance of these works, that Mr. Combe so narrowly missed the honour of being Mrs. Siddons's reading-master. He had exchanged the gaieties of London for quarters at a tap-room in Wolverhampton, where he was billeted as a soldier in the service of his Britannic Majesty. He had a bad foot at the time, and was limping painfully along the high street of the town, when he was met by an acquaintance who had known him in all his fashionable glory. This individual had himself seen better days, having exchanged a sub-lieutenancy of marines for a strollership in Mr. Kemble's company. "Heavens!" said the astonished histrion; "is it possible, Combe, that you can bear this condition?" "Fiddlesticks!" answered the ex-duke, taking a pinch of snuff, "a philosopher can bear anything." The player ere long introduced him to Mr. Roger Kemble; but, by this time, Mr. Combe had become known in the place through his conversational talents. A gentleman passing through the public-house had observed him reading, and looking over his shoulder, saw, with surprise, a copy of Horace. "What?" said he, "my friend, can you read that book in the original?" "If I cannot," replied Combe, "a great deal of money has been thrown away on my education." His landlord soon found the literary red-coat an attractive ornament to his tap-room, which was filled every night with the wondering auditors of the learned soldier. They treated him to gratuitous potations, and clubbed their money to procure his discharge. Roger Kemble gave him a benefit night at the theatre, and Combe promised to speak an address on the occasion. In this address, he noticed the various conjectures that had been circulated respecting his real name and character; and after concluding the enumeration, he said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall tell you what I am." While expec-

tation was all agog, he added, "I am—ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant." He then bowed, and left the stage.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS. MONTAIGNE.

His Account of an Accident which befell him.

We propose in future, from time to time, to give extracts under the above head, from authors of the greatest celebrity or delightfulness;—those who have advanced the world by their wisdom, or cheered it in its advancement by their wit and good qualities. We take them at random, as time and circumstances render it convenient; and for obvious reasons, we make no apology for commencing with a passage from translation; especially as the translation (Cotton's) is a most excellent one, tasting of all the raciness of the old French, and of its slovenly and ultra gossiping handling too, when required; as in part of the extract before us. Montaigne is a universalist, a man for all ages and nations. Some of our readers may be pleased to be informed, that he was a Frenchman of a noble family, living in the time of the Civil Wars under Charles the Ninth, and not altog'ther above the prejudices of his breeding; but far superior to the worst prejudices, not only of his own time but succeeding ones,—a genial, original, and candid thinker, who has been accused of egotism, because he could not help being alive to the nature working within himself as well as other men, but whose philosophy was full of consideration for all, and has helped to advance the world. Montaigne may be regarded as the Father of Modern Essay Writing,—the predecessor and superior of the Temples, Addisons, and Steeles, (extraordinary men as they were), just as Chaucer was of the majority of poets that followed him.

The present extract is a remarkable evidence of the habit which the gallant French philosopher had acquired, of reflecting upon every thing that came within his observation. He gets horribly knocked and bruised, within an inch of his life, is thrown into a swoon, and undergoes all the agonizing process of a recovery; and all this he notes down, as it were, in the faint light, the torn and battered tablets of his memory, during the operation; drawing these forth afterwards for the benefit of the reflecting. If you had met such a man in the streets, being carried along on a shutter, he would have been providing, as well as he was able, for your instruction and entertainment! This is philosophy surely.

"In the time of our third or second troubles, (I do not well remember which) going one day abroad to take the air, about a league from my own house, which is seated in the very centre of all the bustle and mischief of the late Civil Wars of France, thinking myself in all security, and so near to my retreat that I stood in need of no better equipage, I had taken a horse that went very easy upon his pace, but was not very strong. Being upon my return home, a sudden occasion falling out to make use of this horse in kind of service that he was not acquainted with, one of my train, a lusty fellow, mounted upon a strong German horse that had a very ill mouth, but was otherwise vigorous and unfoiled, to play the Bravo, and appear a better man than his fellows, comes thundering full speed in the very track where I was, rushing like a colossus upon the little man and the little horse, with such a career of strength and weight, that he turned us both over and over topsy turvy, with our heels in the air. So that there lay the horse overthrown and stunned with the fall, and I ten or twelve paces from him stretched out at length, with my face all battered and broken, my sword, which I had in my hand, above ten paces beyond that, and my belt broke all to pieces, without motion or sense any more than a stock. 'Twas the only swoon I was ever in till this hour in my life. Those who were with me, after having used all the means they could to bring me to myself, concluding me dead, took me up in their arms, and carried me with very much difficulty home to my house, which was about half a French league from thence. Having been by the way, and two long hours after, given over for a dead man, I began to move and to fetch my breath; for so great an abundance of blood was fallen into my stomach that Nature had need to rouse her forces to discharge it. They then raised me upon my feet, when I threw off a great quantity of pure florid blood, as I had also done several times by the way, which gave me so much ease that I began to recover a little, but so leisurely and by so small advances, that my first sentiments were much nearer the approaches of death than life.

Perche dubbiosa anchor del suo ritorno,
Non s'assicura attonita la mente.

Tasso. Canto 12.

Because her soul her mansion half had quit,
And was not sure she was returned to it.

The remembrance of this accident, which is very well imprinted on my memory, so materially representing to me the image and idea of death, has in some sort reconciled me to that untoward accident. When I first began to open my eyes after my trance, it was with so perplexed, so weak and dead a sight, that I could yet distinguish nothing, and could only discern the light,

— Come quel ch'or apre, or chiude
Gli occhi, mezzo tra'l sonno, e l'esser deato.

Tasso. Canto 8.

As people in the morning, when they rise
'Twixt sleep and wake, open and shut their eyes.

As to the functions of the soul, they advanced with the same pace and measure as those of the body. I saw myself all bloody, my doublet being stained and spotted all over with the blood I had vomited, and the first thought that came into my mind was that I had a harquebus shot into my head; and indeed at the same time there were a great many fired round about us. Methought my life had just hung upon my lips, and I shut my eyes, to help, methought, to thrust it out; and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go. It was an imagination that only superficially floated upon my soul, as tender and weak as all the rest, but really not only exempt from pain, but mixed with that sweetness and pleasure which people are sensible of, when they indulge themselves to drop into a slumber. I believe it is the very same condition those people are in, whom we see to swoon with weakness in the agony of death, and am of opinion that we lament them without cause, supposing them agitated with grievous dolours, or that their souls suffer under painful thoughts. It has ever been my belief, contrary to the opinion of many, and particularly of Stephen Boetius, that those whom we see so subdued and stupefied at the approaches of their end, or deprest with the length of the disease, or by accident of an apoplexy, or falling sickness,

(Vi morbi scepe coactus
Ante oculos aliquis nostros ut fulminis ictu
Concidit, et spumas agit, ingemit et tremit artus,
Desipit, extant nervos, torquetur, anhelat
Inconstanter, et in jactando membra fatigat)

Lucretius. Book 3.

(By the disease compelled, so we see some
As they were thunder-struck, fall, groan, and foam,
Tremble, stretch, writhe, breathe short, until at length
In various struggling they tire out their strength.)

Or hurt in the head whom we hear to mutter, and by fits to utter grievous groans, though we gather from thence some sign by which it seems as if they had some remains of sense and knowledge,—I have always believed I say both the body and the soul benumbed, and asleep;

Vivit, et est vita nescius ipse suus.

Ovid. Tristia. Book i., Elag. 3.

He lives, but does not know

That he does so:

and could not believe that in so great a stupefaction of the members, and so great a defection of the senses, the soul could maintain any force within to take cognizance of herself, or look into her own condition, and that therefore they had no tormenting reflections, to make them consider and be sensible of the misery of their condition, and consequently were not much to be lamented. I can for my part think of no estate so insupportable and dreadful as to have the soul spritely and afflicted, without means to declare itself: as one should say of such who are sent to execution with their tongues first cut out: were it not that in this kind of dying, the most silent seems to be the most graceful, if accompanied with a grave and constanced countenance; or of those miserable prisoners who fall into the hands of the base bloody soldiers of this age, by whom they are tormented with all sorts of inhuman usage, to compel them to some excessive and impossible ransom, kept in the meantime in such condition and place, where they have no means of expressing, or signifying their mind and misery, to such as they may expect should relieve them. The poets have feigned some gods, who favour the deliverance of such as suffer under a languishing death.

Hunc ego Diti
Sacrum justa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.

Virgil, Book iii.

I, by command, offer to Pluto this
And from that body do the soul dismiss.

Both the interrupted words and the short and irregular answers one gets from them sometimes, by bawling and keeping a clutter about them, or the motions which seem to yield some consent to what we would have them do, are no testimony nevertheless that they live an entire life at least. So it happens that in the yawning of sleep, before it has fully possessed us, as to perceive, as in a dream, what is done about us, and to follow, the last things are said with a perplexed and uncertain bearing, which seem but to touch upon the borders of the soul, and make answers to the last words have been spoken to us, which have more in them of fortune than of sense. Now, seeing I have effectually tried it, I make no doubt I have hitherto made a right judgment. For, first, being in a swoon, I laboured with both hands to rip open the buttons of my doublet, (for I was without arms,) and yet I felt

nothing in my imagination that hurt me; for we have many notions in us, that do not proceed from our direction.

Semianimes que mican digiti, ferrum que retractant.
And half dead fingers grope about, and feel
To grasp again the late abandoned steel.

So falling people extend their arms before them by a natural impulse, which prompts them to offices and motions, without any commission from us.

Falciferos memorant currus abscondere membra,
Ut tremere in terra videatur artubus, id quod
Decidit abscessum, cum mens tamen atque hominis vis
Mobilitate mali non quid sentire dolorem.

How limbs scythe-bearing chariots lopt (they tell),
Would move and tremble on the ground they fell,
When he himself from whom the limb was ta'en,
Could by the swiftness feel no kind of pain.*

My stomach was so oppressed with the coagulated blood, that my hands moved to that part, of their own voluntary motion, as they frequently do to the part that itches, without being directed by our will. There are several animals and even men in whom one may perceive the muscles to stir and tremble after they are dead. Now these passions which only touch the outward bark of us, as a man may say, cannot be said to be ours. To make them so, there must be a concurrence of the whole man; and the pains which are felt by the hand or foot while we are sleeping, are none of ours. As I drew near my own house, where the alarm of my fall was already got before me, and my family were come out to meet me, with the hubbub usual in such cases, I did not only make some little answer to some questions that were asked me, but they moreover tell me that I had so much sense, as to order that a horse I saw trip and falter in the way, which is mountainous and uneasy, should be given to my wife. This consideration should seem to proceed from a soul, that retained its functions, but it was nothing so with me. I knew not what I said or did, and they were nothing but idle thoughts in the clouds, that were stirred up by the senses of the eyes and ears, and proceeded not from me. I knew not, for all that, or whence I came, or whither I went, neither was I capable to weigh and consider what was said to me. These were light effects, that the senses produced of themselves, as of custom; what the soul contributed was in a dream, as being lightly touched, licked and bedewed by the soft impression of the senses. Notwithstanding, my condition was, in truth, very easy and quiet. I had no afflictions upon me, either for others or myself. It was an extreme drooping and weakness, without any manner of pain. I saw my own house, but knew it not. When they had put me to bed, I found an inexpressible sweetness in that repose; for I had been dammably tugged and lugged by those poor people who had taken the pains to carry me upon their arms a very great and a very ill way, and had in so doing all quite tired out themselves, twice or thrice, one after another. They offered me several remedies, but I would take none, certainly believing that I was mortally wounded in the head: and, in earnest, it had been a very happy death, for the weakness of my understanding deprived me of the faculty of discerning, and that of my body from the sense of feeling. I suffered myself to glide away so sweetly, and after so soft and easy a manner, that I scarce find any other action less troublesome than that was. But when I came again to myself, and to re-assume my faculties,

Ut tandem sensus convalueret mei,
As my lost senses did to me return,

which was two or three hours after, I felt myself on a sudden involved in terrible pain, having my limbs shattered and ground to pieces with my fall, and was so exceedingly ill two or three nights after, that I thought once more to die again, but a more painful death, having concluded myself as good as dead before, and to this hour am sensible of the bruises of that terrible shock. I will not here omit, that the last thing I could make them beat into my head, was the memory of this accident, and made it be over and over again repeated to me whether I was going, from whence I came, and at what time of the day this mischance befell me, before I could comprehend it. As to the manner of my fall, that was concealed from me in favour to him who had been the occasion, and other flim-flams were invented to palliate the truth. But a long time after, and the very next day that my memory began to return and to represent to me the state wherein I was, at the instant I perceived this horse coming full drive upon me (for I had seen him come thundering at my heels), and gave myself for gone: but this thought had been so sudden that fear had no leisure to introduce itself), it seemed to be like a flash of lightning that had pierced through my soul, and that I came from the other world.

This long story, of so light an accident, would appear vain enough, were it not for the knowledge I have gained by it for my own use; for I do really find, that to be acquainted with death, is no more but nearly to approach it. Every one, as Pliny says, is a good doctor to himself, provided he be capable of discovering himself near at hand. This is not my doctrine; 'tis my study; and is not the lesson of another, but my own, and yet if I communicate it, it ought not to be ill-taken. That which is of use to me, may also peradventure be useful to another.

* These translations of the verses, admirable for the most part, are by Charles Cotton.

MRS. SIDDONS.

*Passages from the Life of her by Mr. Campbell,
(Just Published).**

A life of Mrs. Siddons by Mr. Campbell the poet cannot but strongly excite the curiosity of the public. With the exception of one critical quotation, we have read it through, with an interest proportionate to the eminence of the parties; and if we occasionally differ with the author in his conclusions, and regret to see that he has condescended to the affectation of saying "the Siddons" and "the Kemble," or forgotten his goodnature in giving a contemptuous epithet to young Betty, who, since he came to man's estate, is understood to estimate his former popularity with singular modesty and good sense, we never forget that a man of genius is writing to us, nor fail to recognize, amidst occasional stiffness and elaboration, those touches of fine poetic feeling, and especially those felicitous similes, for which Mr. Campbell's criticisms are always remarkable. Long and familiarly intimate however as the poet was with Mrs. Siddons, and ready as we are to believe all the good things he says of her heart, he has not succeeded in divesting us of a notion (produced perhaps by our having known her only on the stage, and during the latter part of her career), that she was a person more admirable than charming, and not even so *perfectly* admirable on the stage, as the prevalence of an artificial style of acting in her time induced her worshippers to suppose. She was doubtless a grand and effective actress, never at a loss, and equal to any demands of the loftier parts of passion; but her grandeur always appeared to us rather of the queen-like and conventional order, than of the unaffectedly heroic. There was, we doubt not, really a lofty spirit in it, but a spirit not too lofty to take stage-dignity for the top of its mark. Mrs. Siddons, it is to be observed, was born and bred up in the profession, one of a family of actors, and the daughter of a mother of austere manners. Mr. Campbell somewhat quaintly calls her "the Great Woman;" but we know not in what respect she was particularly great as to womanhood. Surely it was *queen-hood*, not womanhood, that was her forte,—professional greatness, and not that aggregation of gentle and generous qualities, that union of the sexually charming and the dutifully noble, which makes up the idea of perfection in the woman. Great women belong to history and to self-sacrifice, not to the mere annals of a stage, however dignified. Godiva gives us the idea a great woman. So does Edward the First's Queen, who sucked the poison out of his arm. So does Abelard's Eloise, loving with all her sex's fondness as long as she could, and able for another's sake, to renounce the pleasures of love for the worship of the sentiment, and for the cultivation of literature and exalted thoughts. We can suppose Pasta, with her fine simple manner and genial person, the representative of a great woman. The greatness is relative to the womanhood. It only partakes that of the man, inasmuch as it carries to its height what is gentle and enduring in both sexes. The moment we recognize any thing of what is understood by the word *masculine* in a woman, (not in the circumstances into which she is thrown, but in herself or aspect) her greatness, in point of womanhood, is impaired. She should hereafter, as Macbeth says, "bring forth men-children only." Mrs. Siddons's extraordinary theory about Lady Macbeth (that she was a fragile little being, very feminine to look at) we take to have been an instinct to this effect, repellent of the association of ideas which people would form betwixt her and her personation of the character.

Mrs. Siddons's refinement was not on a par with her loftiness. We remember in the famous sleeping-scene in Macbeth, when she washed her hand and could not get the blood off, she made "a face" in passing them under her nose, as if she perceived a *foul scent*. We venture to think that she should have shuddered and looked in despair, as recognizing the *stain on her soul*.

But doubtless she was an extraordinary actress and an estimable woman. Mr. Campbell has exalted her in our opinion in the latter respect, and will put an end to some foolish and insidious mistakes circulated by her enemies, if any such persons remain. We are glad also to see the character of her husband set right; who with that readiness to think ill, so illustrative of the secret characters of those who indulge in it, was

represented as living apart from his wife (when he did so) for any other reason than the true one; which turns out to have been a mere matter of necessity to both parties,—to himself, because of a rheumatism with which he was afflicted, and which forced him to live at Bath for the benefit of the waters, while Mrs. Siddons, for obvious reasons, was obliged to remain in town. They saw each other when they could, and were affectionate and content. Would it have been better that they should have been more sick and less happy? We quote with pleasure below some verses addressed by Mr. Siddons to his wife, at the very period of his going to sojourn at Bath; an evidence of the real state of the case, which Mr. Campbell justly adduces as throwing ridicule on the false reports of it. We think he might have added a good word in favour of the verses themselves, which are very agreeable, especially the last stanza; and we are surprised that he could find nothing better to say for the verses by Mrs. Siddons, than to give them a specimen of her "moderate talent for versification." We think them highly creditable to her, and even affecting. There is more "womanhood" in the last stanza, than in the greatness of her acting.

But we are keeping the reader from the book. We must add, that Mrs. Siddons appears to have been a good letter-writer, of a certain class; and to have studied composition more than is common in her profession, or than any body supposed.

Mrs. Siddons's Recollections of Dr. Johnson.

"I do not exactly remember the time that I was favoured with an invitation from Dr. Johnson, but I think it was during the first year of my celebrity. The Doctor was then a wretched invalid, and had requested my friend Mr. Windham to persuade me to favour him by drinking tea with him in Bolt Court.

The Doctor spoke highly of Garrick's various powers of acting. When Mr. Windham and myself were discussing some point respecting Garrick, he said, 'Madam, do not trouble yourself to convince Windham, he is the very bull-dog of argument, and will not lose his hold.' Dr. Johnson's favourite female character in Shakespeare, was Catherine in "Henry VIII." He was most desirous of seeing me in that play, but said, 'I am too deaf and too blind to see or hear at a greater distance than the stage-box, and have little taste for making myself a public gaze in so distinguished a situation.' I assured him that nothing would gratify me so much as to have him for an auditor, and that I could procure for him an easy chair at the stage-door, where he could both see and hear, and be perfectly concealed. He appeared greatly pleased with this arrangement, but unhappily for me, did not live to fulfil our mutual wishes. Some weeks before he died, I made him some morning visits. He was extremely, though formally, polite; always apologized for being unable to attend me to my carriage, conducted me to the head of the stairs, kissed my hand, and bowing, said, 'Dear Madam, I am your most humble servant,' and these words were always repeated without the smallest variation."

Reservation of Scottish Praise.

How much more pleasantly (says Mr. Campbell) people tell their history in social converse than in formal writing. I remember Mrs. Siddons describing to me the same scene of her probation upon the Edinburgh boards with no small humour. The grave attention of my Scottish countrymen, and their canny reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, she said, had well nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay, but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on those Northern flints. At last, as I well remember, she told me she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that, if this could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice, exclaiming, "That's no bad." This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fears of the galleries coming down.

VERSES BY MR. SIDDONS ON HIS WIFE'S COTTAGE, AT WESTBOURNE.

Would you I'd Westbourn Farm describe,
I'd do it then, and free from gall,
For sure it would be sin to gibe
A thing so pretty and so small.
The poplar-walk, if you have strength,
Will take a minute's time to step it;
Nay, certes, 'tis of such a length,
'T would almost tire a frog to leap it.
But when the pleasure ground is seen,
Then what a burst comes on the view;
Its level walk, its shaven green,
For which a razor's stroke would do.

Now pray be cautious when you enter,
And curb your strides from much expansion;
Three paces take you to the centre,
Three more, you're close against the mansion.
The mansion, co. tage, house, or hut,
Call't what you will, has room within
To lodge the king of Lilliput,
But not his court, nor yet his ueen.
The kitchen-garden, true to keeping,
Has length, and breadth, and width so plenty,
A snail, if fairly set a creeping,
Could scarce go round while you told twenty.
Perhaps you'll cry on hearing this,
What! everything so very small?
No, she that made it what it is,
Has greatness, that makes up f r a

LINES BY MRS. SIDDONS.

Say, what's the brightest wreath of fame,
But canker'd buds, that opening close;
Ah! what the world's most pleasing dream,
But broken fragments of repose?
Lead me where peace with steady hand
The mingled cup of life shall hold, +
Where Time shall smoothly pour his sand,
And Wisdom turn that sand to gold.
Then haply at religion's shrine
This weary heart its load shall lay,
Each wish my fatal love resign,
And passion melt in tears away.

Stage Habit.—Grandiosity of Manner.

From intense devotion to her profession, Mrs. Siddons derived a peculiarity of manner, of which I have the fullest belief she was not in the least conscious, unless reminded of it; I mean the habit of attaching dramatic tones and emphasis to common-place colloquial subjects. She went, for instance, one day, into a shop at Bath, and after bargaining for some calico, and hearing the mercer pour forth an hundred commendations of the cloth, she put the question to him, "But will it wash?" in a manner so electrifying as to make the poor shopman start back from his counter. I once told her this anecdote about herself, and she laughed at it heartily, saying, "Witness truth, I never meant to be tragical." This singularity made her manner susceptible of caricature. I know not what others felt, but I own that I loved her all the better for this unconscious solemnity of manner; for, independently of its being blended with habitual kindness to her friends, and giving, odd as it may seem, a zest to the humour of her familiar conversation, it always struck me as a token of her simplicity. In point of fact, a manner in itself artificial, sprung out of the *naïveté* of her character.

We need not bear testimony to the observation of nature, in which this last remark of the biographer is founded. And we have no doubt there is truth in the application of it to his heroine. But nature and art were so mixed up in her by the circumstances of her early life, that it is impossible to say how much of one or the other was more essentially her own. Perhaps, after all, the best and most extraordinary thing to be said of her, is that she left the impression she has upon the mind of an intimate acquaintance like Mr. Campbell.

CRICKET AND A PETE CHAMPETRE.

BY MR. NYREN.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following brief, but genuine record, of an entertainment after a cricket-match, with which we have been favoured by our old, or rather ever-young friend, Mr. Nyren, the "Cricketer's Tutor." He calls it a "rough sketch," and modestly hints that we may re-cast it. We should as soon think of altering his cricket-bat. There is a right handling in it, and relishing hits. We need not point out to the reader the regard which our veteran cricketer naturally retains for the ladies; nor his pleasant vindication of himself from the charge of being "seventy." As to the close of his fourth paragraph, where he speaks of the descending of the dew, Burns himself might have written it. The mixture of warmth and coolness was never more happily touched; nor the fair picture better intimated, under the darkening contrast of the twilight. This is the way that cricketers write,—O ye describers who grow sickly in doors! They feel substance and spirit at once, the body of beauty, and the breath of heaven.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

Bromley, Middlesex, June 25.

MY DEAR SIR,
The wise men of the East invited me to stand umpire at a Cricket-match,—the married men against the bachelors. The day was highly interesting, and I cannot forbear giving you a short account of it. If you can take any thing from the description I give you for your paper, do it in any way you like; this will be only

a rough sketch. I call these gentlemen "the wise men of the East," as they will not suffer their names in print, and they live at the East-end of London.

When we arrived at the place of our destination, I was both surprised and delighted at the beautiful scene which lay before me. Several elegant tents, gracefully decked out with flags and festoons of flowers, had been fitted up for the convenience of the ladies; and many of these, very many, were elegant and beautiful women. I am not seventy; and

— "the power of beauty I remember yet."

(I am *only* sixty-eight!) Seats were placed beneath the wide spreading oaks, so as to form groups in the shade. Beyond these, were targets for ladies *who love archery*, the cricket-ground in front.

The carriages poured in rapidly, and each party as they entered the ground, was received with loud cheers by such of their friends as had arrived before them. At this time a band of music entered the ground, and I could perceive the ladies feathers gracefully waving to the music, and quite ready for dancing. However, the band gave us that fine old tune, *The roast beef of old England*.

We entered a large booth, which accommodated all our party, and a hundred and thirty sat down to the *déjeûne*. Our chairman was *Young*, but old in experience. Many excellent speeches were made; and ever and anon, the whole place rang with applause. After this the dancing commenced, quadrilles, gallopade, &c. &c. It was, without exception, the most splendid sight that I ever witnessed, and reminded one far more of the descriptions we read of fairy-land, than of any scene in real life. The dancing was kept up with great spirit, till the dew of heaven softly descended on the bosoms of our fair countrywomen.

Not a single unfortunate occurrence happened to damp the pleasure of this delightful party. Had you been with us, you would have sung "Oh, the pleasures of the plains," &c. &c. How is it, that we have so few of these parties? Can any party in a house compare with it? God bless you and yours,

JOHN NYREN.

P.S. The cricket match was well contested, the Bachelors winning by three runs only.

** The married men might be content to endure so honourable a defeat, especially if their wives were among these ladies, ready at hand to take pity on them. Bachelors must have some advantages, to make themselves amends. The line of verse from Dryden is quoted with singular appositeness, the poet, when he wrote it, having been just of the same age with the cricketer; that is to say, in *number* of years. The quality of them he would have been but too happy to exchange for those of the man of action.

But these parties out doors—"Can any parties in a house compare with them?" says Mr. Nyren. None, say we;—unless it be a bridal party, made out of the same kind of people; and even then, the rooms would be better if they could be had out in the fields and woods,—Nature's own apartments,—such as we see in Chaucer's "Flower and the Leaf," or in the pictures of Boccacio and Stothard. It is a melancholy thing to say for England, with her beautiful country, that we have not even a word to express an entertainment amidst scenery out of doors, but must recur for one to the French,—Fête Champêtre; that is to say, a festival in the fields, or the country,—a rural entertainment. "Rural Entertainment" would sound affected in English!—But we shall grow wiser as real "knowledge of the world" extends, and when it is no longer confined to the signification of above a nine-hundredth million part of it.

"The world!"—The man of fashion means St. James's by it; the mere man of trade means the Exchange, and a good prudent mistrust. But cricketers, and men of sense and imagination, who use all the eyes and faculties God has given them, mean his beautiful planet, gorgeous with sunset, lovely with green fields, magnificent with mountains,—a great rolling energy, full of health, love, and hope, and fortitude, and endeavour. Compare this world with the others,—no better than a billiard ball, or a musty plum.

THE MEETING OF JACOB AND JOSEPH.

When Israel's car on Egypt's plain,
Drew up before the cloud of sand
That eddied round the rapid train
Of Joseph, close at hand;
And when the Venerable stept,
Down to the earth—and at his feet,
The Great, the Found, the Injured, wept,
And hundreds saw them meet;
And when the guilty with that throng,
Worse than the meanest, bow'd by fears,
And hard in thought of their old wrong,
Stood tearless mid all tears;

Then thro' the Patriarch's mind was showered

His long long path of sorrow trod,

The sense of weakness overpowered,

The wondrous ways of God!

Rachel gone down to dust forlorn—

Rachel, in youth and beauty beaming—

The dreams, the dreams! received with scorn,

The pageant round him streaming;

The coat, sole vestige of his son;"

The stains, and he had kiss'd them dim;

The web of falsehood round him spun,

And Joseph holding him!

And prophecy, long almost held

A nursery tale, and faith half fled,

From their deep night of doubt dispell'd,

Awakening from the dead!

"Now might I die!" the Patriarch prays,

As all the seer resumes his reign;

"For I have lived on thee to gaze—

Have touch'd my son again!"

TABLE-TALK.

Frabricius Serbellone, a disgrace to the military profession, was patronized and employed against the Protestants of Avignon and Orange, by Pope Pius the Fourth, and that unfeeling Emperor, Charles the Fifth. This infamous Satellite of the Vatican blots the present page only for the purpose of recording an execrable refinement of cruelty, united with religious rancour, worthy the monster who employed him, and highly gratifying to his own brutality of manners and thirst for blood. Having, as he imagined, exhausted his invention in search of new modes of torture, by suspending in chimneys, impaling, and roasting by slow fires the unfortunate wretches who fell into his hands, and by other means too shocking and too indecent to recite, at the instigation of Satan or his prime ministers, at St. Peter's and Vienna, he procured a number of Geneva bibles, and folding the leaves into long and narrow slips, he larded with them the bodies and limbs of his miserable victims, previous to his committing them to the flames. Adding insult to injury, he told them, in the agonies of death, "That he knew it was an edition of the bible they were attached to, and he was determined they should have enough of it." Such have been the enormities of those who fancied they were doing God service, and fulfilling their duty, under a gospel which preaches love and good will towards men.—*Lounger's Common-Place Book*.

A German Apologue.—An archbishop and his nephew were taking an evening's walk together, when they fell into a dispute about the spots in the moon. "I see a shepherdess sitting under a tree very clearly," said the young man. "I can distinguish the tower of a cathedral church," said the uncle.

Affecting and Blessed Epitaph.—In the cathedral at Vienne in France, a venerable Gothic structure, on the united tomb of two friends, are inscribed the words

MENS UNA, CINIS UNUS.

One mind, one dust.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Errors of Education" and the letter of a "Happy Mother" on the question of Flogging at Public Schools, do credit to the feelings of the respective writers; but the subjects are not handled in a way to suit the plan of our Journal.

We shall be glad to hear from UN LECTEUR QUI A SOIF; though we fear we cannot vary our plan so as to meet his wishes.

RUSTICUS and *A PART OF THE MANY* shall have due attention.

Our friend *HOMO* may make himself easy, we think, upon the subject of his letter, considering he did his duty so long and strenuously. He set a good example in one respect; he may now fairly set it in another. If all men were to do as much, the world would soon be in excellent condition.

We have not time to go into the subject mentioned by *TAU*, ourselves; but we shall be ready, as we ever have been, to do it any service by the way, and to insert any information upon it communicated by others.

ECRITOR's opinion of verse-making as a pastime, and a resource against less innocent supports, is excellent; but he must cultivate his ear more, in order to do justice to his feelings.

We shall be glad to hear from *F. L.* a year hence. *BEPPO*'s Table-talk will appear. His "Romance of Real Life," besides not being authenticated, is hardly striking enough in the circumstances, for our series.

An action may be very noble, and unusual too, and yet not be sufficiently unusual, or invested with interest, to furnish out a narrative.

We should have sooner noticed the communications of *J. O. U.*; but had been doubting whether his paper, however interesting to scholars, would have been popular and explanatory enough for the general reader. We have come to the conclusion however, that his subject is one which any intelligent mind will be glad to make the most of by the help of its own light, if it possess no other; and accordingly it shall appear next week.

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